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The Womens
Missionary Magazine
of the United Presbyterian Church

VOLUME 37 AUGUST, 1923 NUMBER 1

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA

BY MRS. JENNIE LOGUE CAMPBELL, Monmouth, Ill.

THE African peoples have suffered sorely from men of the white race of many nationalities. Words cannot express the horrors of the slave trade, or the effects of the accursed traffic in rum upon the native races of Africa. European peoples have too often acted as though black men had no rights which they were bound to respect.

The southern part of the continent of Africa is rich in diamonds, copper, gold and many other minerals. The elephants which roam the interior furnish the ivory of commerce. The central region produces the rubber whose increasing use has made it most valuable. When the vegetable, mineral and animal wealth of Africa began to be known, the cupidity of the nations was awakened. The Congress of Berlin (1884-1885) divided the continent among the nations of Europe. Ten millions out of the eleven and a half square miles passed out of the hands of the original owners.

Where England had control, wars were suppressed, savage customs were forbidden, just government for the natives was established. The Congo region became the property of Belgium, and here the most horrible cruelties were practiced upon the unfortunate inhabitants. Chiefs who failed to submit willingly to Belgian rule were put into chains with portions of decaying bodies hung about their necks. A specified quantity of rubber was demanded from a district, and if it was not brought in, right hands were cut off. The rubber which sold in Europe for twenty seven cents a pound, was bought in Africa for one cent. The merchants of Brussels and Antwerp grew rich on the spoils of the Congo. When we remember that God is just, can we wonder that much of this wealth was swept away when the gray hordes of Germans poured in upon Belgium?

But while man's inhumanity to man has made countless thousands mourn in Africa as elsewhere, the Dark Continent has developed a peculiarly heroic type of missionary. Did this article include North African missions, it would be pleasant to dwell upon the career of Raymond Lull far back in the Middle Ages, who when the professedly Christian world thought only of conquering Mohammedanism by the sword, sought to win by the power of reason and the might of love. Touching is his prayer as

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it has come down to us, "For this grace I beseech Thee, stand Thou by me that I may speedily depart to die the martyr's death from love to Thee if it please Thee to count me worthy." His prayer was answered as he fell, stoned to death by a Mohammedan mob, crying, "None but Christ, none but Christ."

Recent times have produced no more self-sacrificing and devoted missionaries than the men and women who within the last three quarters of a century have represented the United Presbyterian Church in Egypt.

But, more than any other mission field Negro Africa has claimed a costly sacrifice of life. The moisture, the dense forests, the rank vegetation have made Central Africa the most unhealthy region of the world. Malarial fevers, sleeping sickness and other tropical diseases have proved fatal to many of those who have entered Africa with the gospel of salvation. It is not easy to estimate the numbers, but seven of the leading missionary societies in 1902 furnished lists showing that since 1833 these seven societies had given a hundred and ninety-five lives for Africa. When we remember that ninety-five societies are doing mission work in Africa, we can form some idea of the costliness of missionary service in the Dark Continent. "Wherefore this waste?" do we say as we recall the beauty, the devotion, the grandeur of many of these lives? But it ill becomes a generation which has sent forth by the hundred thousand its young men to face death to win political freedom for oppressed peoples, it ill becomes that generation, to count it a waste to sacrifice precious life to deliver both souls and bodies from a slavery more terrible than any earthly bondage.

Aside from spiritual results, missions have done much in [illegible] civilizing the natives. Sometimes the question has been discussed whether civilization or Christianization should come first. Civilization, aside from missionary effort, has never been attempted on a large scale and never will be. Men do not give up home and friends, and go out to endure the perils and privations of savage lands except as they believe in the infinite need of every human soul for the salvation which Christ came to bring. What calls itself Liberal Christianity, though having much to say of the value of humanity, sends out few missionaries anywhere, none to the degraded peoples of the world.

Dr. Noble tells us that Bishop Colenso, believing that culture would prepare the way for Christianity, as an experiment selected twelve boys from the Zulu race, the highest type of Africans. He was to have entire control of them for a term of years on condition that he should say nothing to them of religion. He educated and trained them in all the externals of civilization, and they progressed rapidly. At the end of the specified time, he told them that he had something higher and better to communicate, that Jesus Christ had died for them and that his gospel should be the rule of their lives. The next morning every one of them had departed leaving only the clothes with which the Bishop had provided them. They had gone back to their savage homes and customs. James Chalmers, the famous missionary to the South Sea Islands, says, "I have had twenty one years' experience with natives, Christian and cannibal, and I have never yet met with a single man or woman that civilization without Christianity has civilized." But in Africa, as everywhere else, the by-products of Christianity have been better homes, better ways of living, better agricultural methods, all

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King Khama.

KING KHAMA AND HIS CHIEFS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Who came in 1898 to England to beg Queen Victoria to forbid the sale of liquor in their country by the English Cecil Rhodes Company.

Christian King, friend of Livingstone, a remarkable man, "King Khama's story is unique in Africa and unique among kings." He died in February last at the age of ninety-four. For a brief story of his life see **The Missionary Review of the World** for May, 1923; for an account of his embassy to Queen Victoria see **The Women's Missionary Magazine** of November, 1906.

Editor—Women's Missionary Magazine.

that goes to make up the complex which we call civilization.

Sir Henry H. Johnston, long a British official in Africa, but one who had little sympathy with the spiritual aims of missions, says, "To missionaries rather than to traders, or government officals, many districts of tropical Africa owe the introduction of the orange, the lime, the cocoanut palm and the pineapple." "It is they, too, who in many cases have taught the natives carpentry, joining, masonry, cobbling, engineering, printing and European cooking, to say nothing of reading, writing and arithmetic."

In Zululand when Wilder went, there in 1849, there were none but the rudest implements of farming. Now the Kafirs own hundreds of American plows. There are broken to the yoke thousands of oxen by those who before had never seen a plow or yoked an ox. Pagan Zulus, though in touch with civilization for fifty years are without furniture of any kind, whereas the Christian Zulus live like Europeans and have houses and gardens. Says Viscount Bryce, "The gospel and the mission schools are the most truly civilizing influences which work upon the natives and upon these influences more than any other agency depends the progress of the colored race." Our Church has recognized the importance of carrying on this work along with the spiritual as it has sent out agricultural missionaries to the Sudan. Christian teaching kindles the desire for higher and better ways of living so that the mud hut and the scanty crops no longer satisfy.

African language and dialects number more than eight hundred, and until missionaries came, all these were without any written form. In order to give the Bible to the people, it was necessary to create a written language. In 1899 missions were working on one hundred and eleven of these languages and the Scriptures had been translated, in whole or in part, into ninety four. To quote Sir H. H. Johnston again, "Many of the African languages were on the point of extinction, and it is to the missionaries we owe our knowledge of them" and again "Posterity will realize the value of Christian mission work in Africa, not only in ethics, but in contributions to science, and, above all, the study of African languages."

Rev. Elbert McCreary who was for a time a missionary in the Sudan, made a translation of the gospel of John into the language of the Shullas. This was published by the American Bible Society in 1911. It was, however, a tentative translation and a German scholar and missionary who had been for years on the West Coast and was familiar with other African languages has been employed to reduce the dialects of the Sudan to written form. In Africa, the grammar and the dictionary have been among the fruits of missions. As it was with Tyndale's translation of the Bible in England, and Luther's in Germany, so the Bible has been the seed corn of a literature in other lands. It is a remarkable fact that there is no record of a mission making much permanent progress unless the Bible has been given the people in their own tongue. Nor is there any record of a mission altogether disappearing if the Bible was left behind, even though the missionary may have been driven away by persecution.

What of the characteristics of the negro as he appears in his native land? The negro has been styled the St. John of humanity, quick to love, to quarrel, to be reconciled. In some respects he is an over grown child, but he is not destitute of manly traits. One of his char-

acteristics is loyalty to those whom he loves, and this forms the basis of a fine Christian character.

"The sun can mirror his glowing face,
In the dewdrop on the sod,
And the humblest negro heart reflects
The life and love of God."

Those who have read that beautiful and touching book "An African Trail" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie will remember how tenderly that cultured and refined lady was drawn to the black men and women to whom she ministered among the Burlus a branch of the Bantu race. As with every true-hearted missionary, their poor struggles with the sins of nature and of training after they had become "members of the tribe of God," drew out her loving sympathy and helpfulness. The religion of the negro will be colored by his temperament as is that of the white race, but we of the more civilized peoples claim too much when we assume that we are the sole possessors of the higher susceptibilities and capabilities of humanity.

The African possesses wonderful vitality. His capacity of endurance seems infinite, war, pestilence, slavery, he has survived them all and the race cannot be said to be dying or decaying. He is a born diplomat and orator and surely these gifts of heart and of intellect will have their place in the coming of the kingdom of God.

Going back to the beginning of Protestant missions in Africa, it is interesting to note that the Moravian Church, that wonderful missionary body, was the first represented on the African continent. The motto of this Church is, "To win for the Lamb that was slain the reward of his sufferings." This high purpose has guided their missionaries to the snows of Greenland to labor among the filthy and repulsive Esquimaux. It has led them to the plantations of the West Indies to share the toil of the slaves that they might tell them of the Christ who came to break every yoke. The degradation of the African Hottentots was an attraction to these heroic people. The Moravian was the first Protestant Church to go among the heathen with no purpose but to save souls. Others had carried on missions in connection with colonization.

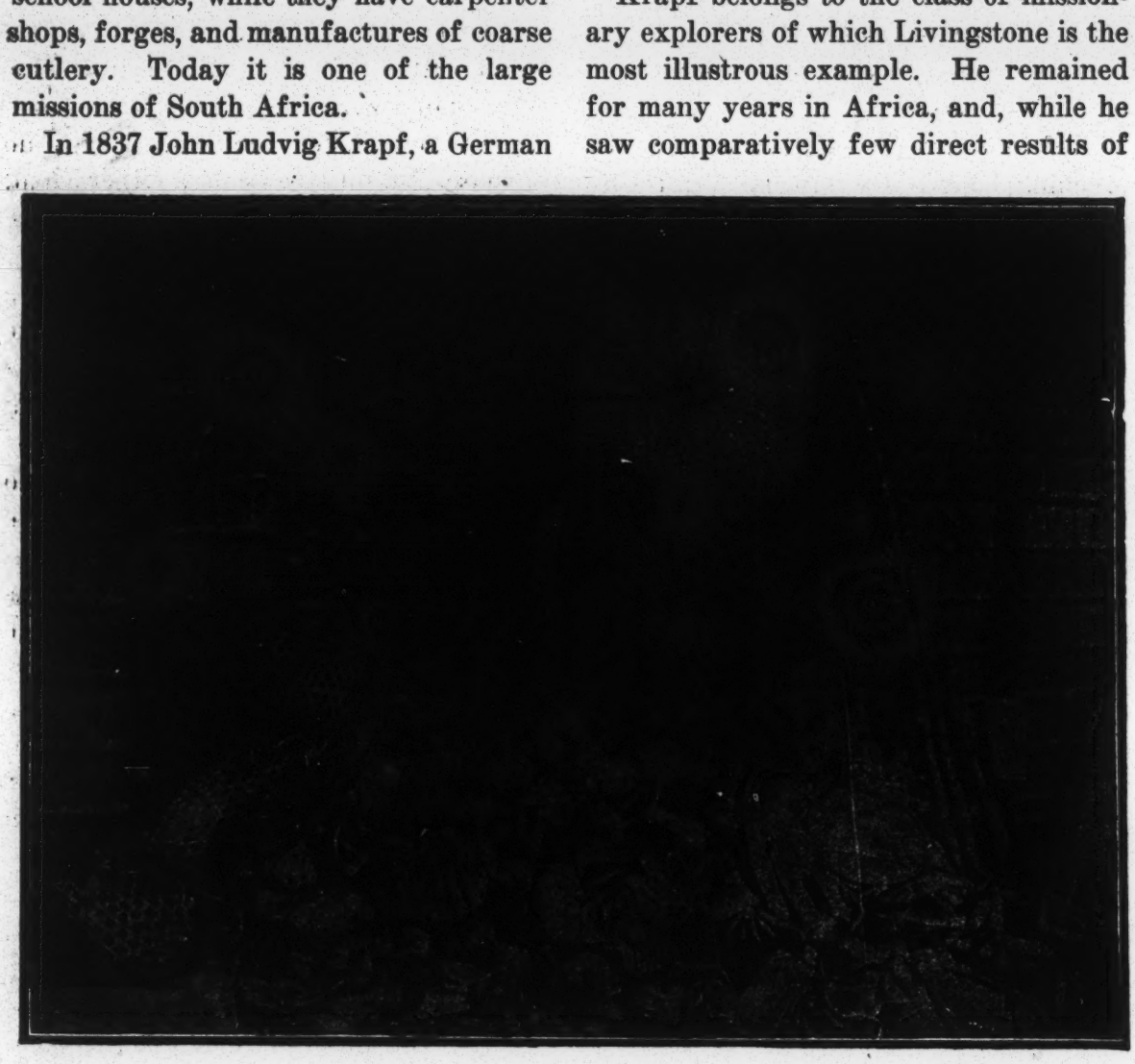
In 1737 George Schmidt, a Moravian, went out to South Africa to preach to the natives. Six years of imprisonment for his religion in his own country had made him a man of patience. He arrived in July 1837. The Dutch who had left Europe to enjoy religious freedom themselves were far from welcoming this pioneer missionary. The object of his mission, to convert the Hottentots to Christianity, was regarded with laughter and scorn. But nothing daunted, Schmidt settled about fifty miles east of Capetown. Here he built a hut, planted a garden and opened a school training the natives in agriculture and other industries. The people were won to him, the only white man they had ever seen who had treated them kindly. He had gathered a congregation of seventy persons, but the animosity of the Dutch continued and after six years of faithful labor he was compelled to leave. An old Cape Chronicle says he was deported as "a great converter of Hottentots." In 1744 he went home hoping that negotiations with Holland would open the way for his return, but in vain. Still he never lost faith in the success of the mission. Every day for forty years, he prayed for Africa and, like Livingstone, died upon his knees.

In 1792 the president of the Dutch Company was a friend of the Moravian Brotherhood and again missions were

permitted to work for the Hottentots. A station was established, and now in Western Cape Colony, are chapels and school houses, while they have carpenter shops, forges, and manufactures of coarse cutlery. Today it is one of the large missions of South Africa.

In 1837 John Ludvig Krapf, a German Lutheran, was sent out by the English Church Missionary Society to the East Coast of Africa. Compelled by Jesuit intrigues to abandon the attempt to plant the gospel in Abyssinia, he landed at Mombasa, a hundred and twenty miles from Zanguebar. Within a year he buried his young wife and babe and wrote home "Tell our friends we now have a grave in East Africa, and are therefore summoned to the conversion of Africa from the eastern shore."

Krapf belongs to the class of missionary explorers of which Livingstone is the most illustrous example. He remained for many years in Africa, and, while he saw comparatively few direct results of his missionary work, his explorations on missionary tours opened up the way for others. He had a keen eye for whatever might be of interest in a scientific way. The natives who, of course, had never seen ice or snow any were else, told him that when they went up on Mount Kilimanjaro there was a spirit there which bit their bare feet. Krapf wrote



A NOTABLE THANK OFFERING—THE COLLECTION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, ELAT, WEST AFRICA

We are showing here a collection taken at a church (out doors) brought by these poor Africans. There is every kind of herb and vegetable they had to offer. They gave of what they had willingly—More than 500 separate articles were given in this offering for Foreign Missions—(For other tribes in Africa without the gospel).

home to Germany that there was snow on this mountain. The "arm chair" geographers ridiculed the idea. "Snow under the equator, impossible!" But further explorations proved that it was true, another of many instances which show what missions have done for geographical and other science.

Time would fail to tell of blind old Rebmann who for twenty one years without furlough kept together a class of twelve of his converts; of Vanderkamp, first skeptic, scholar, linguist, finanally, missionary, of John Mackenzie, the missionary statesman, who battled for English protection for the native states; of Grenfell the English Baptist who in missionary work traveled thirteen hundred miles on foot and more than five thousand in canoe; of Adolphus C. Good who gave his life for Africa as evangelist and educator; of Lapsley, the son of a slaveholder, and Sheppard, the son of slave parents who together established a mission in the Belgian Congo. These and others, any one of whose lives is an inspiration to devoted self sacrifice for Christ and humanity, must be passed over.

The English Church Missionary Society sent out its first missionary to Africa in 1804. This society in its organization adopted the principle never to keep back a missionary, or dismiss the consideration of a new field, on purely financial grounds. The income of the society has constantly increased.

In Sierra Leone, the Wesleyan Methodist mission suffered a great mortality. In fifty years sixty three missionaries lost their lives from the climate, but there was always an unfailing supply of men to take the place of those who had fallen.

The London Missionary Society (Congregational) organized the latter part of the eighteenth century, has a long list of remarkable men. Among them are Moffat and Livingstone. Robert Moffat, a young man of twenty two, went out to South Africa in 1817. As with earlier missions to the Hottentots, his work was opposed and ridiculed by the white settlers. But with faith in God and the buoyancy of youth he did not faint nor falter. Mary Smith, the brave young woman who came out from England to be his bride, was a helper in every sense of the word.

Not very long after Moffat arrived, he won a victory of peace over Africaner, a fierce Hottentot desperado who had been the terror of the Dutch Colonists. Moffat determined to plant his mission among the people of this monster of cruelty. The white people told him of the probable tortures which would be inflicted upon him. But by the influence of human kindness and the appeal of the gospel of Christ the hard heart was softened and Africaner became a believer. His remaining five years were those of faithful Christian living. To his people he said in his dying words, "My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me."

In 1821 Moffat founded the mission at Kuruman further inland. The people were utterly degraded. They lied, they stole, they murdered. Moffat learned the language that he might not have to speak through an interpreter. But ten weary years of incessant toil passed without apparent success. But Robert and Mary Moffat never lost faith in God and at last the reward came. The little chapel Moffat had built became too small to hold the multitude that sought membership in the Church.

When there was but little appearance of results, Mrs. Moffat had written to England for a communion set. "It will

be needed" she said. In those days of slow travel, it was three years before it was received. But the very next day a hundred and twenty of the people partook of the sacrament.

Fifty three years in all Robert and Mary Moffat continued their work in Africa. He translated the Bible into the native language and won the love and confidence of the people. After his return to England in 1870, his stirring eloquence roused the Churches at home to more devoted missionary zeal, and doubtless stimulated many lives to consecration to Christian service.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

By R. W. McGranahan D. D. Cor. Sec., Freedmen Missions, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PERHAPS it is well for us to turn our thoughts toward the future of the Negro in America.

We have thought and talked much about every phase of his past. We have stood in amazement before the progress that he has made since emancipation. We have studied what the Church has done to make all this possible. We have faced the changed conditions since the World War as they relate to the Negro. Of late a favorite theme and important phase of the Negro question has been whether the Negro at present is an asset or a liability. The thoughtful people of America have more and more come to realize the value of the Negro race to American industrial life and has been recognizing as never before his contribution to the higher phases of our national life.

Now it is proposed that inventory be taken of the Negro as a present asset and in the light of the possibilities within the race and the opportunities afforded in free America to forecast what the future will produce, and what he will contribute to the national life in America. At the same time we must face the question of what our part in this program must be.

In the early days of Negro history in the South after emancipation a visitor from the North was talking to a school of colored boys and girls and asked them what message he should take back to their friends in the North. After a pause one hand went up and in response to the question as to what he would have told, he answered: "Tell 'em, we're risin'." They have been rising. Will they continue to rise?

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR THE 11,500,000 COLORED PEOPLE IN AMERICA?

First of all let us register our faith that America will face the task and will work out a problem that no other nation has ever yet solved. History records no instance of two races with history and characteristics so different living side by side in the same country and working out in a spirit of true brotherhood the destiny of both, contributing each to the other's welfare. But that is exactly the task that America is called to face.

Only the Christian ideal of brotherhood can solve these problems for both races, but the Church must accept the challenge and under the guidance of the Spirit of Christ the achievement will be easy and complete.

The Negro's own personal attainment under favorable opportunities is not difficult to forecast.

In 60 years he has reduced his illiteracy from 90% to 30%. This has been done under circumstances far from favorable. Under favorable circumstances that illiteracy will speedily be reduced to a figure not larger than that which obtains in the more favored states. There are indications that if the Negro is given the chance which the states where colored illiteracy predominates seem disposed to give in another generation or at least in two generations the literacy standing of America will not be lowered by the statistics of the colored people. In other words, given an op-

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE, McDILL HOME

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE CHORUS CLUB

portunity to learn the rudiments of an education there will be no larger proportion of colored people who cannot read and write than there is of white people. Will these chances for an elementary education be given to the Negro? The answer is found in the tremendous changes that are going on in the attitude of Southern states towards the colored people.

In the State of North Carolina a magnificent plan has been developed for cooperating between the State schools and the private and Church schools for Negroes. The private schools already established have been the chief source of supply for colored teachers. The Department of Education of the State wisely recognizes this and proposes by a system of cooperation to use them to the maximum. No spirit of rivalry or disposition to overlap or duplicate can be tolerated. The plans of cooperation adopted by the State of North Carolina will doubtless be followed by other States with a view to making provision for the great task that is before them.

Many other states are evolving plans that would not have been considered for a moment a few years ago.

All these things indicate that the Negro will be given a chance and will take his place as an integral part of our democracy.

The Negro will continue to prepare a larger per cent for the necessary leadership of the race in higher education and in the finer arts of literature, music and painting and in the professions both secular and religious.

In the industrial world the achievements of the first fifty years of progress promise that the Negro will not be found lacking in those things that are essential to the prosperity of a race, home relationship, business enterprise, agricultural attainments and financial ability.

The Negro Church life of the future as the years go on will more and more have less of the sordid story of low standards of living among the ministry and of the lack of moral restraint which prevails in such large sections of the more thickly populated regions of the colored people. The rapidly rising standards of preparation which the Negroes are demanding of their leaders is the antidote for deporable conditions that have prevailed in the past.

NEGRO MIGRATION

One of the most potent factors in deciding the future of the Negro is the present continued and persistent migration of the Negro from the South to the North. Many have seen the hand of Providence in this very great disturbance of conditions among the colored people. It is having a mighty influence in both the section from which he comes and that to which he goes.

It is leading the Southern people to face a situation which they had not reckoned. Leading papers of the South have taken most advanced position with regard to remedying the causes that are leading the Negro to turn his back on the part of the country which he loves and to which he is adapted for the less favorable one of the North. As a sample of what a great many papers are publishing, the following is taken from a prominent Southern white newspaper:

"The principal reason for the exodus of the Negro is that he is not fairly treated in the South, that he does not receive justice in the same measure that the white man does and that he is not given adequate protection. Too scant attention is paid to his physical needs, those who rent him homes think that any sort of shack is good enough for the Ne-

gro; the sections he occupies in cities are practically always unsanitary, the streets usually unpaved, and no incentive given him to emulate the standards set by the white man. And the question of schools for the Negro fails to receive the proper attention.

Who is to attend to this for the Negro? We have extracted the power from his vote. We have told him he is a member of an inferior race which is just struggling through the dawn of civilization. We insist that he is ignorant, a child; yet we bear down on him in his crimes and misdoings as if he possessed the erudition of a Harvard professor."

With this message preached all over the South it is evident that the sky is clearing for a better day for the Negro in the section that he loves and where he will stay if these evils are corrected.

That there is a Providence in thrusting upon the North the responsibility for sharing directly in the great task of radical readjustment is just as evident. It is no longer a question for one part of the country. It belongs to the whole country. It will force the North to put into practical operation the theories that it has been preaching to the South. That it will be done by inter-racial good will and far visioned planning for the good of both races in the spirit of real brotherhood is our confident faith.

In making these attainments for himself the Negro becomes a most valuable asset and a mighty power for the general good. Emphasis on the spirit of service that has characterized the teachings in our Mission Schools in the South for the two generations has left a tremendous impress that will mean much in the future development of the race The spirit of good will prevailing, both races will feel the uplift and each receive blessing from the other race.

With the coming of the better day of mutual understanding and racial good will there is no indication that there will be any breaking down of the prevailing conviction that the races can best achieve any cooperation without the intermarriage of the races. The bug-a-boo of a menace in the intermarriage of the races passes away as it is recognized that neither race desires it and never has desired it. That helpless Negro womanhood that has suffered so fearfully at the hands of the white race will be protected and that the home life of the Negro will thus receive its greatest uplift is easily foreseen in the better days that are coming.

The hope not only of the Negro race but of all the races and for the future of our great country lies in the triumph of the principles of Jesus Christ. The practical application of these principles to both races is the assurance of future attainment and service on the part of those who were brought to our land under the shadow of an institution that thank God has passed forever but which resulted in their being brought in touch with Christianity and with civilization to which they have responded so splendidly.

Of all our work, that upon the heart is the most important; there can be no question as to the paramount necessity of teaching the vital precepts of the Christian faith, and of striving to awaken a genuine enthusiasm for the higher life that shall be sustained, and shall be the strong support of the young workers who go out to be examples to their race.—*Samuel Chapman Armstrong.*

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS

By W. G. Wilson, Principal, Camden Academy, Camden, Alabama.

THE story of the Negro and his songs make up, in my humble judgment, one of the most marvelous chapters in all human history, and certainly the most marvelous in the history of our own country. This, I know, is a broad statement, but nevertheless, it is one that may be verified by an unprejudiced study of the story of the Negro from the time the first twenty black savages were brought to this country down to the present time.

Of all the various races that have found their way to this country, the Negro is the only one that came here against his will. The others came seeking liberty, freedom and independence, but the Negro was brought here in order that he and his posterity might be sold into perpetual slavery; and the land that meant larger opportunity to others, was, according to the plans of men, to mean only everlasting bondage to him, but God had a different plan.

From twenty ignorant savages, his descendants have increased to more than twelve million civilized people today, and notwithstanding the fact that he was enslaved for two hundred and fifty years, and his activities since emancipation have been hedged about by divers laws and customs; that he is ostracised, segregated, and in many instances persecuted, yet he has had more influence on the thought and development of this great country than any other group or race that enters into its make up.

It was on his account that the great Republic was torn asunder, and four years of bitter civil strife drenched the land in the blood of its most honored citizens. His descendants, although disfranchised and without voice in the law making bodies of the land, have caused to be written upon the statute books of a great section of our country a large percentage of their laws. Freed less than sixty years ago, with absolutely nothing but his ignorance and his poverty; today his illiteracy has been reduced from 90% in 1866 to 15%, and in one of the states in which sixty years ago he was sold and bought in the market place, in addition to his city holdings, he now owns one million seven hundred thousand acres of land.

His sons and daughters have won, and are still winning distinction for scholarship and athletic prowess in the leading institutions of learning of the country. He has fought side by side with the white man in every war in which this country has been engaged, and his fighting was such that the bravest white soldier has not been ashamed to call him comrade. He is now, and always has been the backbone of the great industrial system of the South. He is operating more than 1,000,000 farms, 6,000,000 of his children 10 years of age and over are engaged in gainful occupations, and his combined wealth is now estimated at more than $1,100,000,000.

Just a few days ago I read in a great Southern daily paper the story of a gigantic Trust Company, backed by more than a million dollars capital, organized, owned, and operated by Negroes who are planning to spend a quarter of a million to build decent homes for Negroes in one city of the South. Going out on one of the principal streets of that same city, I was shown the fine business structure this company is erecting at the cost of $100,000 and everything, from the architect's plans to the electric wiring, done by Negroes. When I remember that less than sixty years ago the fathers and mothers of these same people who own and operate this great financial concern

were exhibited on the slave markets of that same city, just as mules or cattle. I ask myself the question, "What hath God wrought?"

Yes, friends, ours is indeed a marvelous story, and we are proud of it. For more than half a century we have stood up under every test for manhood and good citizenship laid down by society, and the state; and in spite of hard knocks and rebuffs that would discourage a less optimistic people, the Negro comes back again, and again with his smiling face, as he makes the air reverberate with the music of his songs. To me there has always seemed to be a very close relation existing between the Negro and his songs, and a careful study of his songs will reveal to us not only much concerning his history and inner life, but a great deal, also, concerning his hopes for the future, and the deep yearnings of his heart for those that make men and races better.

And so we find that the songs of the American Negro tell in the best language he knew the pathetic story of his long years of bondage, while at the same time they set forth his faith in the Goodness and the Justice of God, and his hopes for the dawning of a brighter day for his children.

The Negro is naturally an artist, with an artistic temperament, and in spite of the tremendous handicaps of bondage and ostracism under which he has lived in this country; in spite of his ignorance and his poverty, he has not been an entire stranger to the divine art of music and poetry. While it is true that no great themes have engaged his attention it is also true that among his songs and poetry, we do not find a single line that breathes of hate or malice toward his fellow men, but during the long night of his bondage he often voiced his feelings in songs whose simple words and pathetic melody still have their appeal to the great heart of humanity.

The Negro is intensely religious as well as naturally artistic, and highly emotional, and his songs not only tell of his philosophy of life, but they are vibrant with his religion; they set forth his theology, and they tell a beautiful story of his simple childlike faith in God, a faith, that although shaken sometimes, has never deserted him even in the darkest hour of his racial suffering.

Just how these rude, untaught children of nature, bowed under the cruel yoke of a bondage that sought to crush out the very last vestige of humanity from their bitter lives, and bring them down to the level of the beasts, just how they were able to give to the world the beautiful songs which are said by critics to be the only distinctive American music, has never been satisfactorily explained by any one.

Mr. James Weldon Johnson, a young Negro who is achieving fame by his splendid verse, has put this so aptly that I quote from his verse:

"O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?"

No, this has not been explained, nor has any one ever told why it is that no one except the Negro himself can sing his songs with the same effect that he can. We know that when these songs are sung by others they are different, being devoid of that indefinable quality that dis-

tinguishes them and puts them in a class of their own.

The Negro's songs are the articulate cry of his burdened crushed soul, they are the great racial heart throbs of an oppressed people, torn from their homes, sold into perpetual bondage, and made to serve with rigor in a strange land. They constitute the Holy of Holies of a great race into which no alien can ever enter.

No one else can sing our songs as we can because no one else has ever suffered as we have. Others may enjoy the wonderful harmony, and marvel at the simple gripping melody of our songs, and at the ease with which they seem to express the emotions and feelings of those who have suffered and prayed and hoped and died in the everlasting Faith. But only the Negro himself, with his rich, powerful voice, charged with an emotion that wells up from his inmost soul, knows how to interpret to the world these heart throbs of his people.

The cry of the babe does not belong to any particular time or place in human experience; it is universal in its appeal to the heart; and so, as long as human nature remains as it is, as long as men suffer, and hope, and contend against adverse circumstances, these simple songs of my people, evolved as they toiled in the cotton and the tobacco fields during the day, and as they crooned over the cradles of their piccaninnies at night, will touch the heart of humanity everywhere.

A few weeks ago, in one of the large cities of the South, the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers sang to a crowded house where more than half of the audience was made up of Southern white people of both sexes and nearly all ages, from boys and girls in their teens, to the gray haired veteran of the war that was waged to rivet more firmly the bonds of slavery upon the mothers and fathers of those singers. The most vigorous applause of the evening, and the most prolonged encores came from this white section of the audience, showing that the appeal of the songs as interpreted by these singers was universal; that it knew no race, no color, no age.

The songs of the Negro have been a solace to him in his times of sadness and discouragement. It was at such times as these that he sought to relieve his pent up feelings, and to give expression to his hopes in song. And as he sang, he felt the spell and the power of his own music, his soul was lifted up above the earth, the cruel lash, and the never ending tasks, and he felt that he was one of "God's chillun," and that somehow God would take care of him.

All of his songs were full of real meaning to him, and there was a personal application to his own condition. "Steal Away to Jesus," "Jesus Knows All About our Troubles," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and a great number of others each had its own particular meaning and message for overburdened heart.

One of his favorite songs, I am told, was one from which I quote the following verse:

"I've got a crown, you've got a crown,
All of God's chillun got a crown;
When I get to Heaven, goin' to put on my crown,
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven."

There was in this song a real meaning to him. It meant conquest, triumph. It meant to him coming at last into his share of the inheritance of his Great Compassionate Father, it meant an entrance into the Father's House "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all."

IN PROTEST

BY SARAH COLLINS FERNANDIS

O they've sought a new sensation for this modern jazzing craze
In the ruthless syncopation of those sweet old plaintive lays
That the souls of their forefathers, 'neath affliction's heavy rod,
Coined from bitterness of sorrow as they reached for touch with God;

When they stole "away to Jesus" at the end of life's hard day
And in loneliness of spirit "couldn't hear nobody pray;"
Or, with faith at last triumphant, sang of "freedom" that would come,
Of "Sweet Chariot," low swinging, sent to bear their spirits home;
Or of God who could deliver as in times of sacred lore;
Of the chill of death's "deep river," crossed to Canaan's blissful shore!

O ye unthinking heritors of this rare and sacred trust—
Of a race's soul's outpouring—jazz in pleasure if you must;
But give rein to modern fancy for the rhythmic thrills you crave,
Leave, O leave untouched, unsullied, those dear songs your fathers gave!

—From The Southern Workman.

OUR OWN MISSION TO THE NEGRO

By Miss Josie Warren, Henderson, N. C.

JOSIE A. WARREN

Note—This paper was read at Los Angeles Convention. Miss Warren made a good impression on the Convention in her address.

Editor.

MORE than a half century ago there was sent from God a little group of consecrated men and women to a benighted race in the Southland, a race groping in darkness and shadowed by ignorance and superstition. These God-sent men and women were not afraid to cast their lot among a people despised and rejected of men, but came filled with the spirit of the Master and love for humanity. They came bringing hope, bringing cheer, bringing light, yea bringing the Christ to an infant race in which hope was yet unborn.

These early pioneers who first came and founded the missions schools of the United Presbyterian Church among the sons and daughters of oppression, kindled a flame in their hearts and lives which shall not be quenched but like the holy fires they shall burn until time shall end.

Although most of these have gone to take their places in the galaxy of God's saints, the sweet influence and power of their devoted lives will abide through generations yet unborn. Although there may never be erected to them monuments of marble or stone, there will be living monuments of flesh and blood in the hearts and lives of thousands, yea millions of black folk in the south.

And we believe that when heaven calls its roll of earth's great men and women along with the names of Paul, the Apostle, Livingstone and John G. Payton will stand Dr. Reed, Dr. McCullough, Miss Eliza B. Wallace and the late Dr. J. W. Witherspoon and scores of others, who, like Paul, left a life of ease and comfort to carry the Gospel light to those who sat in darkness.

Knoxville College with a mere handful of students and a few teachers has grown to an institution with an annual attendance of 500 or 600 students and a faculty of 25 and with branch missions extending into Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama and other parts of Tennessee. From Knoxville alone there have been more than 600 graduates, from Henderson 400. From these two stations alone there have been graduates, who are now serving the race in many ways. It is like a pebble that is dropped into a stream, a little wavelet is started and it keeps widening and widening until the whole surface of the stream is one big wave. These lives coming into contact with consecrated lives go out and touch other lives and so on until it spreads until whole communities have been made bet-

ter because one boy or girl has had the opportunity of Christian training.

What the mission schools have done for the Negro can never be told. Every year there are in the missions of the United Presbyterian Church from 3000 to 4000 students. Besides the work of the ordinary school these girls are taught to cook and sew, and manual training is given to the boys. This industrial training has been and is one of the greatest factors in bringing better living conditions in the home life of our people. Our missions are so located that a large number of the students come from rural homes where the ignorance of the proper cooking of even the simplest foods they raise. Here the importance of cleanliness and sanitation, the purchasing and making of necessary clothing is almost beyond belief. To see one of these homes almost transformed by a girl who has been taught in the domestic science or sewing classes, or by a boy who has learned to use the saw and hammer makes one feel that nothing is too much to be done for them.

I have tried so hard for the past few months to picture Henderson, a little town over in the eastern part of North Carolina, without the United Presbyterian Mission and its adjacent hospital. What do I see? Hundreds of little black boys and girls growing up in ignorance and crime, homes without the family altar because the heads of the homes have never been taught the need of establishing an altar unto God; scores

READING THE BIBLE

Courtesy Bible Society Record.

sickening and dying of disease because of no place for treatment.

What would Knoxville be without Knoxville College? It has meant so much to the progress of the ideals of the colored population. If it had not been for the location of the school there, no doubt many of our best trained men and women of mature years would have been deprived of a christian education. The splendid training that it offered at such a low cost gave them an opportunity to secure an education that otherwise they would not have been able to secure. It was indeed the door of hope to me, and though I may never do anything great, I owe my desire to serve to the training received there.

Those that had not the chance to go to school because of home responsibilities went to Sabbath School and through it many were blessed. It was there my mother and many others learned to read God's Holy Word. These fathers and mothers only a few years from slavery had never heard the Word read and explained. It was here they got a glimpse of the Lover of all mankind, here they were taught the ideal foundation upon which to build homes, in the bringing up and training their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

What is true of Knoxville and Henderson is true more or less of the other sixteen Missions. Picture if you can, the black belt of the south with its great throng of Negroes without the God sent U. P. Missions. Sixteen years ago there was here and there a school held in an old Church running three or four months in the year with teachers receiving from $10 to $20 per month. These little black boys and girls were growing up in the densest ignorance and superstition in one window room log cabins that were foul and immoral, following every evil which chanced to present itself for they had no one to instruct them or lead them into the right channel. Parents could not for they knew not how. But thanks be to God who giveth all things liberally, for the advent of the U. P. Missions. What a wonderful change has been brought about, what transformed homes. Note the change. Imagine it is Sabbath morning, father and mother are married which has not always been true, instead of eating one at a time they have all sat down together to a well prepared breakfast and after eating they have family worship, something they have learned at the mission. After breakfast, the boys, instead of going into the woods to play marbles and run riot are on their way to Sabbath School, the girls, instead of buggy riding or taking long strolls are going to the Y. P. M. S., and the parents instead of lying around in dirty clothes, are preparing to go to Church.

One of our most influential ministers who grew up in Norfolk says, "If it had not been for Norfolk Mission College I would have gone down with the rabble; it was the making of me."

It would be no less than a tragedy if these schools should fail to function in the lives of the black folk of the south.

I could not fail to mention the great work of our hospitals. In His mission the Master never failed to relieve the suffering of the body, and through these hospitals we are trying to carry out His command when he told the disciples to heal the sick. We cannot estimate the service rendered our people in the saving of lives, mothers saved to their children, fathers to their families. Statistics show that there are 450,000 Negroes seriously sick in the south all the time. Does not this suggest the need of hospitals and trained nurses?

As much as has been done the need is still very great. Of the millions of Negroes in the south about 75% live in the rural districts. There are six million children of school age, and here lies the greatest need for trained leadership. These rural folk are victims of ignorance and superstition. Here indeed the harvest is great and the laborers are few. Trained Christian teachers must be sent to these people and here lies the great responsibility of the Church schools. In our little country of Vance in N. C. at least half of the teachers in the schools have been trained in the mission at Henderson and the other half from other Church schools. What is true of this county is true of every county in the south. What would become of these little boys and girls if the Church schools should fail to prepare Christian teachers for them?

It is true that some of the southern states are taking forward steps for the advancement of education, and marked improvement has been made in the last few years, yet a few figures will show how inadequate still is the provision made for the Negro children. In Alabama the Negro population is 38.4% and only 11% of the school funds is spent for Negro education; in N. C. the Negro population is 29.8% and 15% of school funds spent on Negro education. In the entire south only about $3 per capita is spent on these children.

North Carolina proudly claims the lead in the progress along educational lines. She has revised and raised the standard of her school system. Our own mission at Henderson has been placed on the standard list of high schools. To meet the requirements many changes had to be made, and the lack of sufficient space and teaching force compells us to cut off the first three grades. We are grieved to have to cut off these young children, for it means not only a denying to about 150 or 200 children a chance for christian training in their early years, but a cutting off from our Church and Sabbath School.

While a great deal is being done for the Negro he is neither passive nor irresponsive. Neither does he take these things that are given him as a matter of course. As he has been awakened to his wonderful opportunities and responsibilities he is assuming a helpful attitude toward the Church, the state, and his brother. Just in the proportion he receives training in the same proportion does he realize his responsibilities and endeavors to help work out his own salvation. Within the last few years he has given $1,100,000 toward the building of school houses for his children. It is the desire of the thinking colored man not always to remain a dependent but to become a promoter and supporter of his race, thereby lifting the burden from our christian white friends who have so nobly and unselfishly in the name of the Master piloted and sustained a despised race in the darkest days of its existence.

With the many missions we have and the hundreds coming within their walls annually being imbued, impressed, and inspired with the ennobling spirituality of missionary ideals the outlook is bright and prosperous indeed.

The Negro is impressionable to every good cause. In every crisis he comes forth with his contribution. In the World War as in peace he did his bit unstintingly and ungrudgingly. At home, side by side with his white neighbor in Red Cross rooms making bandages and garments, in support of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., War Saving Stamps and Liberty Bonds to the extent of his means; while on the battle fields of

France some were digging trenches, and building armaments, others faced the foe, fell and lie buried with his American comrade, the English and French beneath the sacred sod on Flanders Field, giving themselves a ransom that the world might be made safe for democracy. One of the first colored boys to make the supreme sacrifice was a graduate of our mission at Henderson. Not a slacker or traitor has been found, patriotism knows no bounds among them. Many who had been buffeted and mistreated gave themselves unreservedly to the cause for which the country was fighting not once thinking of a recompense. Our own Dr. Cotton, principal of our mission at Henderson was appointed one of the four minute men and gave his time untiringly to the cause. As a result of his efforts the colored people of the country rallied to every call. In the War Saving Stamp drive twelve colored men purchased $1,000 each, much of which had to be paid in installments.

Another thing strikingly noticeable about the race is that they do not bear or harber ill feeling toward any man or class of men. Of all the songs and folk songs that have been written not one trace or hint of hatred can be found among them.

It is said that during the late war after a fierce battle, a Russian General, stalking across the debris came upon a Belgium peasant prostrate upon his back agonizing in death pains, as his life blood ebbed away. The General, desirous of helping the suffering peasant, bowed over him. The lips of the peasant parted as he said "water, give me water." The general could not understand his language, so again he said, "Water, give me water to drink," Still the general could not understand. The peasant realizing this said "Christ" which was common in the language of both, and the general understood.

There are thousands of black folk in the south, helpless, prostrate upon their backs outstretched hands to you, imploring, pleading for a chance, begging for knowledge. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has so beautifully penned it.—

Out of the darkness, out of the night,
Has the black man come to the dawn of light.
He has come through sorrow, pain and woe,
And the cry of his heart is, to know, to know.

Our concern is not politics, social equality, lynchings or race riots, for christian education is the solvent medium that will bring about the proper adjustment of the problems of all the races. It is not so much social service that is needed, but the saving salvation of Jesus Christ.

We believe, yea we know that God is in His heaven and all is well with the world. But the yearning, the insatiable desires of our hearts is knowledge, Christian education, Christian leadership, and Christian sympathy.

LADY ASTOR WINS IN HOUSE OF LORDS

The British Parliament is almost as dry as the Ohio Legislature.

A couple of weeks ago Lady Astor's bill prohibiting the sale of liquor to boys and girls under 18 years of age passed the House of Commons by a vote of 257 to 10. It was sent to the House of Lords and last week THAT BODY PASSED IT ON SECOND READING BY UNANIMOUS VOTE.

It is believed by the wets and drys to be the opening wedge which in time will bring prohibition to England. That time will be extended if America does not prevent any reaction against prohibition.

NEGRO IN AMERICA HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD

South African Educator Greatly Pleased with Race's Progress Here.

SETS STANDARD FOR WORLD

Africa Offers Fine Field of Service for Trained American Negroes.

Atlanta, Ga., (Special): That the Negro in America is in every way a hundred years ahead of the natives of South Africa, is the statement of Dr. James Henderson, a noted educator from that country, who is spending a few months in America in the study of race relations and Negro education. This is due, he said to the fact that the American Negro came much earlier into contact with Christian civilization and has had far greater opportunities for education and self-development. He was particularly impressed with the economic progress which the race has made in this country, which he said was far beyond anything he had expected.

Dr. Henderson has given his life to the education of the natives of British South Africa, having been for many years principal of Lovedale Institute, the great African Tuskegee, a missionary institution with a faculty of 60 and a student body of 900. While in Atlanta he visited a number of Negro colleges and was greatly pleased with them, commenting most favorably on their fine equipment, competent and devoted teachers and intelligent students. A number of well-trained American Negroes, he said, are rendering fine service in Africa as teachers and social workers. Wherever they have been tried they have made good, was his emphatic testimony. He believes that the number of such workers will greatly increase and that in this way the educated American Negro is destined to make a great contribution to Africa's development.

The good will work of the Interracial Commission, of which he had heard in Africa where its methods are beginning to be adopted, interested Dr. Henderson greatly. The problems of race relations, he said, are much more difficult there than here, and much further from solution. It was his opinion that the progress of the American Negro is setting a new standard for the world in the development of backward peoples.

By Commission on Interracial Co-operation, 409 Palmer Building Atlanta, Ga.

PROHIBITION AND SAVINGS BANKS

Saving deposits in the banks of the United States June 30 this year totaled $17,300,000,000 compared with $16,620,000,000 on the same date the previous year—a gain of $680,000,000 in 12 months, or 4.1 per cent. The average balance in all savings, state and national banks and trust companies, approximate $500. The savings aggregate the highest ever known—and this in dry United States which wets predicted a few years ago would be ruined by prohibition. It was prophesied that business would be prostrated if saloons were closed and men would be out of employment. The country has had three and a half years of prohibition and today there is a job at good wages for every man and savings banks reflect such prosperity as was never before known. Over in wet England a million unemployed men want work and can not get it.

PROHIBITION IS THIS COUNTRY'S GREATEST ECONOMIC BLESSING.

From American Issue.

"THE PASSING INDIAN"

Soon we hope the American Indian will have in Christian teaching the equal of any American Citizen.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN REGARD TO THE INDIAN GAMES

By Mrs. R. G. Smith, Tama Mission, Tama, Iowa.

I AM sorry to say that betting seems to be a favorite game and packs of the white man's cards are in many homes. They have their ball team and seem to enjoy that but I do not believe they have many native games. We are just getting some of the songs and like all primitive music it is written in a minor key. The music consists of about three or four strains of one part with a swing all its own and is sung to the accompainment of the drum. Now when this is harmonized by a white person and an accompainment written it seems to me it is no longer Indian. We are just learning their music here. There has been so much to do. We are training a quartette of the boys to sing the Psalms and they seem to enjoy that very much and they all try their level best to learn them. They always want to sing at least six numbers to open the Sabbath School and one evening they sang nine! It takes a long time to do all these things.

When one goes back in thought to sixteen years ago when not a child on the Reservation could read we really think they are making wonderful progress.

RESTING AFTER EXHAUSTIVE DANCING AND SINGING

OUT OF SAVAGERY INTO CIVILIZATION

By Rev. Robert Gailey Smith, Tama, Iowa.

SINCE we came to this Reservation sixteen years ago there has been a marked change in the Indians. At that time there were only three families living in houses. All of them were living in the little native house or wickiup made out of dried cat-tails. (Swamps.)

There were no beds, tables, chairs or furniture of any kind in their homes. There was no school on the Reservation. The Indian language was used exclusively. Very few of the Indians could speak English.

Fourteen years ago the Government started a Reservation day-school. Their first teacher was Dr. C. A. Dean. He had an average attendance of about six. The old people were put in jail while the children were in school. But now every child on the Reservation of school age is attending.

This was a critical time in the history of the Mission. The Reservation was in a ferment. Even legal action was being taken and in many cases the Government lost out in legal proceedings.

The Missionaries felt they could not do otherwise than support the Government in their effort, yet must keep the friendship of the Indian. This was only

accomplished through earnest and fervent prayer.

The early work of the Missionary now shows in that the first scholars in the schools were the children of those who had been trained in the Mission. And the young fathers of today are taking the daily papers and are studying the modern methods of farming are those that were in the old night school at the Mission. Today our Reservation is dotted all over with new plastered, well painted houses.

Many of our Indians are eating off of the table instead of on them as they used to do. A few years ago you never saw an Indian on our Reservation sit down at a table with his feet under it like a white man. They always sat on top of the table with their feet crossed tailor fashion, thus eating on the table instead of off of it. While this old custom still prevails in some of the homes yet in many of the Christian homes they eat as we do and several of the women have kitchen cabinets and many have beds, chairs, etc. When we first came here all the Indians slept on pallets on the ground. Now many of them sleep comfortably on beds and this makes it much easier to visit and care for the sick.

Much has been said in our Magazines about the modern civilization of the Indian being a menace to him. That our homes are breeding places for tuberculosis. This is not true. When the whole thought of the civilized home is complied with.

It is true that many of the Indians did contract tuberculosis when moving into houses but this was caused by trying to live like an Indian in a white man's house. Or, in other words, he did not adopt the sanitary methods that are essential to a civilized home.

While living in the wickiup the open fire served not only as a place to cook their food but also as a common family cuspidor. Thus all of the sputum containing tubercular germs was burned. These same habits were carried into their houses. The stove and floor around it served as a cuspidor. They ate and slept on the floor, thus literally wallowing in disease germs and civilization gets the credit when really it is the lack of it that brings on these terrible conditions.

MUSQUAKIE WOMAN AND SICK BABY

The time of transition from heathenism to civilization is a dangerous time and is fraught with many problems, physical, mental and spiritual.

As in the physical the mixing of the heathen methods of living with the civilized breeds disease and death in many instances so in the mental and spiritual, there is an attempt to blend heathen conceptions with the civilized and christian which makes the problem even more difficult, for the teachers and missionaries. The Peyote cult is a good example of

this. We have here the Indian attempting to blend his old heathen ideas with the Christian, thus creating a condition that is harder to combat than the pagan thought. It is distressing to see the Indian trying to give expression to the Christian thought in his primitive language. Many times my Interpreter has stopped in the middle of the service and said "Mr. Smith, I cannot get it across, in its beauty. Our language is so crude." One of the most difficult things for an Interpreter to express are the thoughts of the christian that bring so much peace and joy into his life, Faith Hope and Love.

Then too the Indian psychology is so different from ours. He stands in nearly every point on one extreme. He is slow, deliberate almost devoid of emotion. He reasons from a hypothesis to a conclusion by the longest drawn out, methods. There is no short cut for him. He forms no opinions hastily. He makes friends slowly. He will not even pass an opinion upon your friendship until he has tested it thoroughly. How many times we have asked them if they liked a certain government official, worker or teacher. The answer would invariably be"I will tell you in a year from now."

The old Bible story of the woman communing with the serpent is not a fairy tale to us. I have seen an Indian smoke his pipe and blow the smoke into the face of a snake and with a gesture motion me away while he received communications from the reptile. A few days later in talking to the same Indian he explained his attitude saying "Maybe me talk to my father, my grandfather, my uncle."

Do we not see in this a reproduction of the picture of Eve sitting in the garden of Eden holding communion with the serpent? Away back there she wanted something tangible to worship. God was not there and the serpent appealed to her eye to the bodily senses or in other words, she had found something tangible to worship. The attributes of the soul were supplanted and the senses of the body were placed in the ascendancy until the attributes of the soul were atrophied until we find in the heathen language no words to express their beauty. But when the spirit of the Infinite quickens and revives at once we see an effort to express it to others.

Thus the crude language of a heathen people must adapt itself to the new thought and its one of the greatest pleasures of the Missionary to watch this progress. We who have been born in Christian homes where we have always heard the thought of God beautifully expressed can scarcely appreciate the dignity and beauty of our language made beautiful by the life and example of our Saviour.

The word "Home," for example carries with it volumes of thought "Love and Faith" reach out to the throne of God and serve as mediums through which the blessings of the infinite are carried to earth. It has been our privilege to see a heathen dwelling place transformed into a christian home. The accomplishment of the Christianizing and civilizing of the Indian must of necessity be slow because of his peculiar psychology. He has no emotion to which you can appeal. He lacks vision. Today is the only real thing to him. Hence a large preparation for the future for this world or the world to come is left out of his nature. The white man calls him a "spendthrift." "Why not spend, for tomorrow we die," says the Indian.

The white man says "Look away out into the future, make great plans," and as much delight, come into the white man's life by seeing his plans materialize

day by day as in its ultimate success. Thus the scheme of the business man which covers perhaps a number of years brings pleasure into his life during ea h day of his success and in many cases much more pleasure than the spending of the money has thus earned. Hence the Indian thinks the white man is stingy.

While the Indian finds no pleasure in a business scheme or the working of it out, but is delighted with the spending rather than the accumulating of the money. In this point then the Indian is at one extreme and the white man at the other, making it hard for the white man and the Indian to be in tune with each other. In matters of religion the attributes of the soul are atrophied. His whole religious thought appeals only to the fine senses. Here he is again in the extreme. His idea of the future life is hunting ground made specially for the Indian, while ours is a perfect mind with perfect thought, with perfect memory with perfect conscience with infinite time with a perfect teacher, led out continuously forever into the thought of God. How are we going to blend these two natures? It can only be done by prayer that the spirit of the infinite way quicken.

OUR OBLIGATION TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By Rev. R. H. Barr, Warmspring Oregon.

This splendid article was one of the best addressed to the Convention at Los Angeles.

WHEN Christ gave his disciples the Great Commission "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" he said "Begin at Jerusalem. In the language of today that is understood to man begin at home.

With all due respect for foreign missions, and we would not in any way knowingly hinder that important and needy work, it must be admitted that to ignore the home base or to fail to increase its resources means injury to both home and foreign missions. It is sad but nevertheless true that great sections of our western country are far from being evangelized or at all adequately manned with Christian workers. Scattered through this much spiritually neglected country are tens of thousands of native born Americans, known as the American Indian.

The Rev. Alfred L. Riggs who was born among the Dakota Indians in 1837, and has given his life to the study and uplift of the Indians has this to say after 42 years of initimate acquaintance with them. "If any creature on the face of God's world is in desperate need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and knowledge of the way of life, it is our North American Indian. One half of the 350,000 Indians in the United States are still adherents of their primitive and polytheistic faiths and are not worshippers of the one God at all. The parents of some of the children who come to the agency school from Simnasho adhere to that dream religion known as Smoholla. While others are followers of the Shaker religion, which is a mixture of Christianity, Romanism and heathenism; the followers of which worship that cold unfeeling object Mount Hood. There are 50,000 Indians in our country among

PUEBLO INDIAN PROHIBITIONISTS IN WASHINGTON TO PLEAD FOR MORE STRINGENT LAWS AGAINST "FIRE-WATER" ON THE RESERVATION.

Fifteen Pueblo Indians made the trip to Washington to tender deeds of trust to their lands to Secretary of Interior Fisher, hoping thereby to substitute Federal Laws in place of State Laws against the selling of "fire-water" (intoxicants) on the Indian Reservations. The photograph shows the Delegation on the steps of the U. S. Pension Building where they were received by Commissioner Valentine. Though most of the Indians are dressed in clothes of the "pale face" they still adhere to the long hair, the ornaments, and the gaudy blankets of their fathers who rode the plains before the white man came, and the buffalo became extinct.

Photo by Buck, from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

whom no missionary work has been done.

A calendar for prayer for 1923 says "The Church has too often played up the picturesqueness of the tepee and the chase without giving much thought to the soul of the Indian." While there may be some truth in the remark it has been truthfully said, "There is no more worthy chapter in the history of the 19th century missions in America than the story of how the Church succeeded in putting a new song into the mouth of our Indians, even a thanksgiving into our God." The value of mission work to the government as a solvent of the hostility which has long prevailed is most forcefully shown in the changed condition among the Soux Indians of the Dakotas. For years military force tried to subdue that tribe but in vain.

When the Indians were without Christ the government needed a standing army to control them. This has practically passed away. Who need ask what made this possible? A well informed writer says, "It was not the triumphant tramp of United States soldiery, not the supremacy of American arms, not government surveillance, but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." Some one expressed a great truth in the following sentence "Forts disappear as Churches appear."

An able missionary after 20 years service among the Indians was asked "Do you think that missionary effort for the Indians pays?" He answered that thoughtfully and with conviction. "I believe nothing pays better." Then we are under obligation to give them the Gospel.

In 1805 those famous explorers Lewis and Clark passed through the country of the Nez Perce Indians now known as northern Idaho. Those men thought it was their duty to tell the Indian something about God, and that He is the creator of all things. To help the Indians understand their idea they pointed upward. The Indians thought the white men referred to the Sun as their creator and the earth as their mother, and they soon began to worship those planets. But the longing desire in their hearts was not satisfied. Then they tried dream religion, with no better results and they became dissatisfied with all such worship. They had learned from Lewis and Clark that the white man has a book which tells the way to Heaven. In a great tribal Council held in 1831 they decided they must have that Book. Four brave chiefs were chosen to go in search of the book. After traveling many months over mountains and plains, inhabited by hostile tribes and unfriendly whites they appeared on the streets of St. Louis, Mo., asking "Where is the white man's Book of Heaven?" Gen. Clark befriended them and showed them everything of interest in the town. Before their departure the General made them a feast . It was at this feast that, in a farewell address, one of the Indians poured forth his burden of sorrow in words of pathetic eloquence worthy of a great cause and of a brave people. In substance he spoke as follows. "I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. One of my companions died on the way. Another died here. I came with my eyes partly open for my people who sit in darkness. I came with my arms strong to carry back the great Book. I go back with both arms broken and empty. You took me where you people pray to the saints and worship with images, but the Book I did not find. You took me where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures

of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell me the way! I am going back the long trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them and yet the Book was not among them! When I return I must tell my blind people 'I came with my eyes partly open,' but I am going back blind to my poor blind people. In one year more when I tell my people (in great council assembled) I could not find the white man's Book which tells the way to Heaven, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. But one by one they will rise up, go out in silence and die in darkness. I have no more words."

The news of the strange visitors and their search was published. The Methodist Episcopal people were the first to answer the Macedonian call. The Rev. Jason Lee, a young man of Canadian birth, arrived among the Indians of the Willamette Valley in western Oregon in 1835 and did a noble work for Christ.

In 1836 Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman were sent by the Presbyterian Church to explore the Nez Perce region and report. Dr. Whitman reported favorably and made immediate preparation to devote himself to the work. He also enlisted Rev. H. H. Spaulding to the work. Both men married and, with their brides, started on their 2000 mile wedding trip which lasted seven months. According to history those two brides were the first white women to cross the Rocky mountains.

On the fourth of July 1837 they reached the Continental Divide where they raised the stars and stripes; and there under the folds of Old Glory fell upon their knees and took possession of the Pacific slope in the name of God and the United States. Rev. Mr. Spaulding brought with him along with the Bible a tool chest, garden, field and fruit seeds. And while teaching the Indians the way to a future heaven he also taught them the way to a better and future life on this earth in the here and now.

We believe that consecrated missionary, as well as Rev. Mr. Lee, whose plans were identical with Mr. Spaulding's, had a true vision of Our Obligation to the American, viz; *Christanize him* and *teach him how to do for himself*. Experience has proven the wisdom of these things. Doubtless you have noticed nothing has been said about civilizing the Indian. We heard a very able Indian minister ask an Indian audience "Are you not glad you are civilized?" Said he "That depends upon the civilization. Because a civilization without the Gospel is a dangerous thing."

On account of the great commission and the benefits we have derived from it and will accrue to us in obeying it we must carry the Gospel to the Indians But we also owe him a *Christian example* and *environment*. We boast of this being a Christian Nation. But many people have a very strange idea of what constitutes Christianity.

In the white man's Book of Heaven we read "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." We believe that applies to us as well as to the Indians, or any other race of people. A year ago just before we entered our Church one Sabbath two white men drove past with a hay rake upon their wagon. One of our elders of over four score years pointed his finger at me and his eyes flashed fire while he said "You white people teach well, but you don't do well." Alas, how sadly true in too many cases! Another Sabbath while we were holding Sabbath School two government employes were plowing a garden near by,

while others were washing autos, cleaning lawns and gardens and so *adinfinitum*.

Another Sabbath our co-laborer Brother Matthews at Simnasho, 22 miles north of us, was preaching to a good sized audience. Some one entered the Church and spoke to a number of Indians who arose and went out. After services Mr. Matthews learned that a cattle buyer, a white man, had come from Portland to buy cattle from the Indians. Their homes are scattered over many miles of territority, and the necessity of driving over bad roads would be obviated by meeting the Indians at Church. Wonderful clever idea. Great example to set before the Indian on Sabbath observance by a pale face. But it was just in keeping with what the Agency farmer said to one of our Christian Indians who ceased to work on Sabbath since he was converted.

"Go work on Sunday pay no attention to what the missionary says about it; he is only here for what pay he receives."

A year ago this spring Brother Matthews and I arranged to hold a series of evangelistic meetings at both Siminasho and Warm Spring.

Some 20 Nez Perce Indians from the Presbyterian missions in Idaho and Pendleton Oregon came to our assistance and did most excellent work. The Lord greatly blessed the faithful preaching of the word and 80 were received by profession and reprofession. Just about the time the meetings commenced at Warm Spring Brother Matthews learned there was to be a pageant at The Dalles on the Columbia River 80 miles north of here. One hundred and fifty dollars were offered to the long haired Indians if they would attend the pageant dressed in their toggery. (Very few of the Christian Indian men now wear long hair). Some 75 or 80 of the Indians around Simnasho drove to the pageant which was held the same time of the meetings at Simnasho. They were treated to the white man's booze and came home drunk as loons. This spring after our plans were all made for another series of meetings we learned that another pageant was to be held at The Dalles during the time of the meetings at Simnasho. The Agency Superintendent tried to get the Simnasho Indians to promise to stand by the meetings. They promised to do so and did. The pageant affair was made a subject of prayer. It was postponed until the middle of June.

The Sabbath morning of our meetings at Warm Spring the Superintendent received a phone message from The Dalles inquiring if lodging could be secured for five women who wished to drive to our meetings. The Superintendent supposed the women were members of our Church at The Dalles (We have no Church there) and replied to come on as he would guarantee meals and lodging. When I came out of our Church at noon I saw a large auto with women in it and I supposed they were the ones who had phoned about lodging. I went to them and there met Mrs. Pomposity who informed me they were known by every person in their city where they had done business for over a third of a century. Her friend Mrs. Worldling had gone to the parsonage to talk to my wife. But she did not stay until I arrived. I guess she came to the conclusion that if my better half could talk so plainly and to the point she did not care to meet the other half. But who were those important people and what was their object in driving 80 miles to an Indian revival meeting? That Sabbath afternoon we were to hold our communion service. But those noted women members of The Dalles Historical Club had the audacity

to request that they be allowed to get up at that solemn occasion and invite all our Indians to attend their pageant; where they would be exposed to the hot breathe of some of the white man's vices, and thus make fools of themselves for the entertainment of so called civilized white people. The white man's example before the Indian is often demoralizing. In business he is often dishonest and takes advantage of the Indian instead of trying to help him.

The white man's amusements are often injurious to the Indian. The Commissioner of Indian affairs has made an appeal to the Indians to cut out much of their dancing at their festival occasions, such as the 4th of July where they would spend from one to three weeks if allowed to stay.

But the Indian sees white people dance and comments as follows: "Indian men dance by themselves. Indian woman dance by themselves. That is all right. But white men and white women dance shake 'em all up together, hug 'em up tight. White man's dance no good."

The christian Indian, and especially the Christian Indian minister, does not hesitate to say that the dance has ruined their people. Hence they exclaim "Shame on you white people for taking up what we are casting off! You can have in welcome the dance, cards, paint and short dresses." They also tell us that part of the white man's language before the Indian is often a disgrace, and so it is. An old Indian was afraid of the white man's God. Because when the white man is angry at the Indian he calls upon God with such force that the Indian thought if calling upon God is so dreadful what must the white man's God be! Indians have no swear words in their language. Whenever they indulge in that superfluous profundity they borrow words from the white man's language. Is it any wonder christian Indians say to white people "We beg of you, be careful of your example before the Indian."

We summarize by saying "Our Obligation to the American Indian" is to *Christianize* him; set before him an *Example* of honesty and upright living; and lend him a *helping Hand.*

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN INDIANS; ITS FUNCTIONS.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, B. D. San Juan Bautista, California.

THE aim and scope of the new race movement as embodied in the Society of American Indians is the revival of the natural pride of origin, the pride of race. If people become dispirited, progress is impossible. It is easily within our memory when public opinion viewed the Indian as lacking in capacity for advancement.

To the white man he was a degraded savage, blood-thirsty, treacherous, brutal. The superior white alien accepted as truth the teaching that by Divine Will and manifest destiny the aborigine must be exterminated and driven from the earth; "It is the logic of migration, the law of human movement." So this imperious white man decreed, "The Indian must go!"

The necessity of driving the Indian away from the spot he called his home and of marching him out at the point of

the bayonet were both sad and needless blunders in a land where there is room for all. The white man misunderstood the Indian and the Indian misunderstood the white man. A war and extermination policy was started by the whites and the "irrepressible conflict continued for three centuries. The white invaders introduced a new mode of life, and the native type was to be supplanted by civilization." "It was thought that the Indian, for his salvation, must be pressed into the white man's preconceived mold."

As a matter of fact, most Indians do not want to become white men. From the first contract between the two races the Indian was considered inferior, and not at all a fellow man of like passions, infirmities, and aspirations; different only in mental texture, hereditary influences and environments" And therein is the deep seated disease germ of the whole Indian problem.

The reservation system has fostered and accenuated the terrible ills resulting from the misconceptions of the white race concerning the red brother, and consequently the Indian has so deteriorated we can hardly realize him as the same proud monarch of fifty years ago.

To use Dr . Eastman's words: "The North American Indian was the highest type of pagan and uncivilized man. He possessed not only a superb physique but a remarkable mind. But the Indian no longer exists a natural free man. Those remnants which now dwell on the reservations present only a sort of tabteau, a fictitious copy of the past."

On the anniversary of the discovery of America, in the year 1911 a conference was opened at the Ohio State University to organize the Society of American Indians, whose primary function is the revitalizing and cherishing of race pride. Once this task is accomplished, the rest will follow. The organization furnishes an annual conference to which delegates of every tribe may come with equal rights.

Representatives now do come from the east and west, from the north and south. Here they meet face to face in national council with common language and for a common purpose; here, each Indian can see that he is not alone in the fight against the peril of being utterly crushed; here, the members gather for mutual encouragement, interchange of views and for consultation upon the live issues of the peculiar problems thrust upon them. The best asset the Indian can have is a united body of altruistic men and women of the race, and Society of American Indians is composed of just such people, anxious to serve and who have lost no time in applying themselves to vital problems and grasping the essential features of the Indian question. The permanent program is outlined by the first organizers is found in the following statement of objects:

First. Tto promote and co-operate with all efforts looking to the advancement of the Indian in enlightenment which leaves him free as a man to develop according to the natural laws of social evolution.

Second. To provide through our conferences the means for a free discussion on all sub jcetsbearing on the welfare of the race.

Third. To present in a just light the true history of the race, to preserve its records and emulate its distinguishing virtues.

Fourth. To promote citizenship and to obtain the rights therof.

Fifth. To establish a legal depart-

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ment to investigate Indian problems and to suggest and obtain remedies.

Sixth. To exercise the right to oppose any movement that may be detrimental to the race.

Seventh. To direct its energies exclusively to general principles and universal interests, and not allow itself to be used for any personal or private interest.

The existence of the Society of American Indians means that the hour has struck when the best educated and most cultured of the race should come together to voice the common demands, to interpret correctly the Indian heart, and to contribute in a more united way their influence and exertion with the rest of the citizens of the United States in all lines of progress and reform, for the welfare of the Indian race in particular, and all humanity in general. Obviously this noble movement is a tremendous undertaking, but it was ushered in amid general good wishes of church and state. It is at once a bold and praiseworthy step.

The Society is managed solely by and for the Indians, and no one without Indian blood can be an active member, yet the white friends of the cause are welcome most cordially as associate members.

The membership at present is more than a thousand, over five hundred from the best of each race. A hearty co-operation with each other will produce splendid results; and, while conscious that he must do his full share in bringing order out of chaos, the red brother does not forget to remind his white brother that the nation which created the problem must assist in its solution and that the motto shall be: "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall always be paramount."

We were overjoyed by the fact that we could assemble so many civilized and educated men and women of vision from our scattered tribes who were in dead earnest and who were willing to pay the price of hardship and self sacrifice as pioneers of the movement. We were not without our foe who said, "Don't listen to those blind dreamers." "Don't lend yourselves to their false dreams!" "Their hopes are over-rosy." But some of our dreams have been realized far beyond our expectations. Our suggestions, proposals, and advise have been received with kindly consideration everywhere. We aided in liberating two hundred and sixty Apaches who had been held in bondage as prisoners of war twenty six years, and persuaded Congress to appropriate $300,000 for land and homes for them. We helped the Cayugas in getting $247,000 due them from the State of New York. The murderer of Desota Tiger is in irons, thanks to some of our active and associate members and to Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Desota Tiger belonged to the Everglade Seminoles of Florida and was a respected member of his tribe.

An Indian woman out west tried to get her money through the Indian Agent and was put off time and again by some excuse or another for a year or two, and finally wrote to our Society for its service and received her money in three weeks.

Nor is this all. The foregoing statement of things achieved is only a glimpse of what we have done and what we desire to do in co-operating with the government. We must work in harmony in order that we may succeed in performing our mutual supreme duty. The

Government has charge of $900,000,000 worth of property for three hundred thousand Indians under its care; $100,000,000 worth of timber land, but will this timber be turned into lumber for the use of the Indians, or will it be turned over to some corporation?

Again the Government holds $60,000,000 in cash for our national wards.

What shall be done with it? The subjects are of vital interest to the Indian. Besides all this there are millions annually appropriated by Congress for our civilization and education. The Society of American Indians asks: Are we getting a proportionate good out of this vast expenditure? Is it doing full justice to the tax-payers?

It is a comfort to know that we are free to go forth and create public opinion among white people and the Indians. The past is beyond recall. But the present offers opportunities for redeeming the past and for redress. We are writing and making a new history and we can avoid the errors of our forefathers and plan a new day for the Indian American.

Let us so shape our policy for his education that he will cease to be decul- not if he refuses to become an imitation tural, but constructive; and blame him white man; if he bows not the knee to commercialism or fails to admit that the white man is the ultimate model of best Citizenship or of noblest manhood.

Copied from the Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians.

STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

FREEDMEN AND AMERICAN INDIAN.

Central Thought.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all.

—Booker T. Washington.

Bible Lesson—Mark. 13th Chapter.

Roll Call—What have you learned from this study?

Freedmen Missions.

Topics for Study—

1. The Negro in Africa.
2. The Negro in America.
3. The Future of the American Negro.
   (a) In attainment for himself.
   (b) In Contribution to the general good.
4. Our own Missions to the Negro.
   (a) Past results.
   (b) Future outlook.
5. The Negro and his songs.

The American Indian.

1. "Out of savagery into civilization."
2. The future of the American Indian.
   (a) In attainment for himself.
   (b) In contribution to the general good.
3. The Bible in the life of the Indians.
4. The Indian games and dances with Native songs. Can thep be made elevating?
5. Reports from our own mission stations.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

ABYSSINIA

Mrs. T. A. Lambie, Editor.

PROGRESS OF THE ABYSSINIA MISSIONARY PARTY. LEAVING NEW YORK.

Leaving the homeland is usually a trying time to out going missionaries, but some how our dear friends and relatives have contrived to make this leave taking a time of the happiest of memories.

The Young People of the 2nd U. P. Church of New York City had sent word, that they were giving a reception in our honor on the evening of Saturday April 7, so, about noon of that day, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Reid called for us, in their lovely car, and we had a most delightful motor drive from Philadelphia to New York. When we reached the city, we drove at once to the Prince George Hotel, where we only had time to wash our faces and change our clothes, then we drove to the Martha Washington Hotel for dinner, and from there to the 2nd Church. There we found the large audience room almost filled with the young people of that Church and friends from our other Churches in the city, and some of the students from The Biblical Seminary. The Church was profusely and artistically decorated with beautiful artificial flowers. Pastor Lytle and his wife and Mr. Heron made the people and the missionaries acquainted and then we settled down to listen to a program of music and speeches, after which we all went down stairs for refreshments. At a late hour good-byes were said and we went back to our hotel feeling glad to know that there was such a faithful band of intercessors there at the home base.

The next day was, as most Sabbaths are for Missionaries and ministers, a busy one, spent at different Churches.

Monday morning we were invited to breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White at the Biblical Seminary, and a most enjoyable time we had. After breakfast we were taken through the class rooms of that Power House whose influence is being felt in many far away lands, and to our own benefit in Abyssinia, through the lives of the Russells, the Wests, the Shields and Miss Florence Davison, who have all spent some time there.

Monday afternoon Dr. and Mrs. McCleery and baby and Miss Ruth Work all arrived home from Egypt. Dr. McCleery and Miss Work being ordered home for health reasons, they were most cheerful invalids, filled with that peace which only those know, whose lives have been given to God to be used in sickness or in health, just where He wants them to be. We do hope and pray that American doctors and the American climate may soon fit them to return to Doleib Hill Hospital and the Pressly Memorial Institute where they are humanly speaking almost indispensable.

Mr. George B. McClellan, who so ably attends to the needs of the out going and the home coming Missionaries, was busy doing many thoughtful things for our comfort. Dr. Anderson was able to be with us only a short time Monday evening, we all missed Mrs. Campbell, who was recovering from the flu and not able to come on to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Reid stayed with us and took us to the pier on Tuesday morning, we were a little late and had to hurry up the gang plank at once, friends had to leave the ship very soon and we all rushed up to the upper deck where we could look down and see great crowds of friends and relatives of passengers standing on the pier, in the midst we could see our own dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. Campbell White and Miss Helen White, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. Lytle, Dr. Chalmars, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Heron, Mr. McClellan, Mr. and Mrs. Shields, who will be sailing for Abyssinia in July D. V. and others. It was a great send off and we all appreciate it more than any mere words can express.

When the faces had faded and the waving white handkerchiefs were just a blur, we went to our cabins and there we found baskets of fruit, boxes of candy, books, games, and toys for the children and letters and telegrams for all of us. Mr. and Mrs. West, Miss White, Dr. Lambie, the children and I all wish to take this opportunity of publicly thanking you each one, and the best part of it is, that we know you will not forget us

when we are far off in Abyssinia, after doing so many lovely things for us when we were nearer, and that while we are separated by great distances we are bound together by a common desire for the speedy coming of Christ's kingdom to Abyssinia.

MRS. T. A. LAMBIE.

LEAVING LONDON

S. S. City of Genoa,
May 2, 1923.

Dear U. P. Friends at home:

Amid a babel of voices and a great amount of baggage, we were loaded into one of the compartments of England's toy like trains and on the morning of April 20th were off for Liverpool where we were to start the second lap of our journey into the unknown, that is for some of us. Wallace suggested that the Doctor might take one of these small trains out to the King of Abyssinia's Son for a plaything. A very good toy it would make, as the engine was not as large as one of our switch engines at home, and was painted in the brightest of green.

At noon we arrived in Brinkenhead having passed through some very lovely country. Our first desire was to satisfy the inner man made necessary by human need. The next thing was to complete our shopping and then go aboard at 4 P. M.

Our ship, the City of Genoa cleared the harbor at 1:30 A. M. and had not the sandman thoroughly looked after our party a few hours earlier we would all have been on deck to see the lights of the city disappear in the blackness of the night.

Our course lay down the Georges Channel and pass the Bishops Rocks thence across the entrance of the bay of Biscay. We passed along the Spanish and Portugal coasts, passing Cape Finisterre, the entrance to Lisbon harbor, Cadiz and Cape Tarfalgar where Nelson fought; passed the old Moorish city of Tarifa. All of these things taxed heavily our memories of English and European History, most of which had long since been securely placed in the archives of our minds, so that much prompting was necessary to bring it into play.

Soon after passing Tarifa we had our first glimpse of the North Coast of Africa. A few hours later we beheld looming up out of the sea, majestically and stalwart old Gibraltar, near it to the south stood the other Piller to the Gates of Hercules. Could these old faithfuls speak what a tale of the progress of man could they tell.

Our course now lay close to the north shore of Africa. Never had I supposed that the small marks on my old geography maps indicating mountains along this shore, meant that they rose straight up out of the sea to heights of two to three thousand feet, some covered with snow and others with heavy forests. The sea along here is very deep and claims many ships as there is no beach. One can easily imagine the disaster of such an unfortunate vessel. We have seen three on the rocks already and do not doubt that all hands were lost.

Algiers and Bizerta a great French naval base with an immense harbor, were soon passed on our Port side. We passed between Malta and Sicily and then on the southern side of Crete, then straight for Port Said our first stop in thirteen days.

My how we have enjoyed the trip which means rest. We now feel that we can better serve for having had this fellowship and rest.

Beyond Port Said lies the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden then the heights of Abyssinia for which we long that there we may help in the upbuilding of Gods Kingdom.

In His Service
Mr. and Mrs. Phil West
Enroute to Abyssinia.

SUDAN

Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Editor for Sudan.

THE TWO MESSAGES

Does the non Christian world have a satisfying faith in God, and do they have all that they desire or need for their temporal and spiritual welfare? Is the Non Christian susceptible to nobler impulses than he now has? Take

the Shulla of the Sudan for example, have we a message to offer him that may mean life to him?

The Shullas stand out from the many neighboring tribes, because they are the only tribe in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan having a king, and a fairly strong central government, which is better developed than that of neighboring tribes. They rank higher in the scale of civilization than some other tribes whose lands border their domain. What have they to offer in regard to the beginning of the world? Into their lives, and into their religion has not come that glorious message from the Spirit of God. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Instead of this majestic account of the creation they have the mysterious stories with which all men shut off from the divine story try to solve the riddle of the universe without success. God, according to their story, created the great creatures. The ourebi gazelle was the first creature, and her eldest child was the elephant, and her second was the hippopotamus. In the first account the water was all over the face of the ground, but later God created the water courses, and the waters were collected together. In their story man is not the highest and best loved of the creatures, but that honor goes to the buffalo. God, desiring to show his great love for the buffalo, was going to give him the spear. Man, by trickery, got the blessing, and as a result we have the relentless struggle of man with nature.

Two stories they hold of the creation of man, and some, at least, believe both of these stories. One is that God took red clay, and made a man, and the white man resulted. He then took black earth, and made another man, he was the black man, the father of the black races. The other story of the creation is that a wife of God brought forth twins. One was white and the other was black. The woman loved the black child the better, but God loved the white one the better, because he was servile and obedient; but the black child grew up to be bold, turbulent, and independent, and would not obey God; and for this reason the white man was the favorite of God. Because God showed partiality towards the white man, on account of his servility, He gave the white man all the inventions, and by these he is able to rule his stronger and better brother. Such a story of creation does not, and can not, satisfy the human heart.

To the Shullas God was active during the creation, and then apparently He went off and left His creatures to their devices. He is so high and distant that he can not be reached by man, and so man must have an intercessor to go between him and God, one who is high and holy enough to reach the ear of the Creator. Their chief intercessor is Nyikang, the first of their kings. He was a great leader and founder of his people. He did not die, but passed on. A few of the other kings did not die, and their spirits act as intercessors for their people. Then a person may have friends, who have died, and their spirits in the land of the beyond may be prevailed upon to go and intercede with God for them.

Once such a prayer was witnessed in a village. A woman was very ill. Her brother came running to a little mound, which was where his father's house had stood, and according to native custom he had been buried in or near his house. The man took a few little sticks and straws, and tied them into a little brush. He then began to honor the dead by kneeling down and sweeping the grave, and as he swept he prayed. He began by saying, "Father, are you there? Do you hear me? When you died we thought that our family would be in prosperity for we would have an intercessor, but you have gone off and forgotten your people, and we are in contempt and distress as we are now. If my sister dies, we have not the cows to pay back for her. Now bestir yourself on our behalf." In such strain he talked to his father for about half an hour. Two hours later the woman was apparently out of danger. In such a case the suppliant is happy that his prayer has been answered, but in case he does not get what he desires he returns to the grave, and curses his ancestor. That goes to such an ex-

tent that he may even curse God, because his prayers have not been answered.

When a person has an enemy he will sometimes kill an animal, or even a chicken. The theory is that the chicken or animal will be angry not at the person who killed it, but at the person whose enmity caused his death, and its spirit will go to God, and fight against that person, and against any spirits in the world beyond, which may be friendly to him. At best these spirit intercessors are unsatisfactory, and so the thought of the person turns to the more powerful spirit of Nyikang, the founder of the country, and to the other kings who did not die, whose spirits brood over the land to look after the interests of the people. The spirit is difficult to reach and so to help the seeker it may return, and become incarnate. The spirit enters a person, and he shows signs of great nervous excitement. The afflicted one runs about, leaps, shouts, and sings, and when he walks it is with a swaying movement of the body. Such people are prophets as they have the power to foretell the future, and to direct the people wisely. How much better is our own promise of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. He is not manifested by extreme excitement, but by the still, small voice which leads us into close fellowship with the Master.

THE WITCH DOCTOR

These servants of the king are supposed to be good, and to have a message of cheer, yet as a class their lives are immoral. They have not proven sufficient as guides of the people, and so the witch doctors come in with their occult powers, which are apparently valued for the fact that they are supposed to bring the power of God to man. The evil witch doctors are evil, not because their professed powers are evil, but because their powers are not for sale. They do whatever they desire without reference to the wants and needs of man. Money will not purchase them. One function of the good medicine man is to offset the powers of these malign people. The good medicine men are good, not because their powers are good, or because their life or work is good, but because their services are for sale. In parts of central Africa, where mission work has been long established, it is said that people who have been devoted saints for years, will still pray to be delivered from the fear of the medicine men.

The Shullas profess to worship God, and also Nyikang, but in actual practice they do not have the power that belongs to the medicine men. God is far away, not troubling his people. He is too high and holy to be reached by the people. The yearning of the Shulla is for a more intimate knowledge of God. He seeks some power to link him up with the Infinite. Everywhere he turns he meets with darkness. No light shining through the gloom points him to the better life beyond. Just here the witch doctor has his opportunity. He comes claiming some mastery over fate, he has God-given powers, he can change the future, he can commune with the dead, and other like powers he professes to possess. He goes through enchantments, forms and ceremonies to impress others with his power. The poor, ignorant, superstitious native is in doubt, and he asks, "Is all that this man claims true?" And the great majority answers that he truly has this power. In spite of the mistakes made by these wizards, the people firmly believe in them. Some souls more advanced than others do not believe that they have this power, which they claim, but even to the minds of the more enlightened ones the thought comes," What if these claims are true, what will he do to me if I doubt?" Thus the medicine man stands as a barrier between them and God's grace.

Ku, one of the Shulla Christians, was very ill. The medicine man came asking to cure him, and he refused. The father, not being a Christian, was going to employ the witch doctor, but Ku threatened to do something very drastic if the medicine man was called in. Later when he recovered, the medicine man came claiming a reward for having cured him. Ku was angry, and declared that if the man had cured him he had also made him ill, and he took his club to beat the man. At that the man got down on

his knees and begged to be spared, and confessed that he had no powers. Such young men touched by the spirit of the Gospel are going to break away the sway of the witch doctors in time. The natives say that the evil witch doctor always has murder in his heart, and he kills for the mere pleasure of so doing. People may hate, and scorn them, yet fear so largely predominates, that it is difficult to find a person who does not dread them. At creation God implanted in the human heart a desire for fellowship with Him. In our religion, God, the object of worship, is pure and holy. In non-Christian religions the same test is not applied. We can rejoice that our God-given religion is sufficient for all our needs.

The natives, like the patriarchs of old, attach great importance to dreams. They think that often the dream is a message from God, or from some friend who has passed beyond this world. We worship and trust a God, who can and does use the dream not only to predict the future, but also to prepare us for the present. Our message from God goes farther than that. It is a complete, comprehensive rule for guidance in every time of life here on earth and in the life to come; but the Shullas are obliged to turn to the lot, and to divination of the future. Our rejoicing should be great, because our future is sure, and because God has given us a clear revelation. In Christian lands there are many who do not live up to the God-given message. We have not for them the same pity that we have for the poor African, who gropes in darkness, although one is as far from God's mercy as the other. For the Shulla we can have only pity, because he is without hope. He has not had the way of life made plain, and in his feeble way he is trying to grope toward that light.

The Shulla religion is full of the sacrificial. By sacrifice, offering, and the shedding of blood they hope to be able to win the Divine favor, or to atone for their guilt. At the time of birth, at death, when a house is being built, when a grave is being dug, when a new adventure is planned, or when a person is in need of guidance, an offering is made. Even in their religion the shedding of blood brings cleansing. However the sacrifice they have to offer can not bring divine favor and approval. We have the story of the Perfect Sacrifice, and we have the secret of the cleansing blood, and it is our privilege to tell that story to the Shullas, and to other peoples, who are still grouping in the dark, trying to find some power to restore them to God's favor.

The Shullas are also under bondage to the spirits of the dead. They think that the shade, or spirit, carries the animosities of his life over in the world to come, and they continue to struggle, and condemn each other. The spirits of the dead present a problem; if a person is buried in a cemetery the spirit is angry because he was cast out from among his people. If burial is made in a village, after a few generations the spirits become so numerous that the village is ruined. A dying man can get anything he wants by the threat that his spirit will return to curse the one, who withholds his desire.

It is blessed to have the assurance that the spirits can not come between us and God. In the time of death their religion has nothing to offer. Go into the village of mourning, and the people are in dark despair. The young people will not go near the corpse or grave. The old men dig the grave, and the old women lay out the body. The young people would present shining targest for death, hence they leave the village until burial has been made. When the grave has been filled in, the young warriors rush into the village with shields and spears to drive away the spirit of evil, which has entered their village, and has killed one of their number. God, from his darkness has touched them, and they are in terror. They are not cowards for when they have an enemy they fight boldly.

Our message tells of death with its sting removed, and its power broken, by the power and the blood of Christ. If we are faithful in proclaiming the message it will become their message, for they will come to the light. Death, the great enemy of their lives is not, and can not be softened by their religion. In their thought of the future life they say

that all is darkness, and groping. Asked in regard to the future some say that there is a future, and others deny it, but those who deny, try to appease the spirits of the dead.

Our message is of mansions in the sky, of the mortal having put on immortality, of the finite putting on the infinite, of men becoming the sons of God, and becoming like Him because they shall see Him as He is. This wonderful message will do for the Shullas what it has done for our race. We pride ourselves on our race, we rejoice in what we have accomplished, but we have no ground for boasting, for all we have has been given to us. Christianity found our ancestors as low as the Shullas, or even lower, and it has lifted us up to great heights. May we ever be found faithful in transmitting the transforming message of the Son of God.

By Mrs. D. S. Oyler.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor.

SOME SIGHTS AND SOUNDS ON CAIRO STREETS

Last year when the Editor for Egypt asked me to write of my Egyptian impressions I wrote about some little street friends. Then this year when she asked me to write again I found I still had the street much in my mind. I never tire watching the, "Moving Picture," in the street, from the balcony of our home; nor from studying the faces of the little salesmen who work the trams in the center of the city and yell out on some of the lines. With skill and grace they jump off and on the moving trams, call out their wares, make some sales, and smile when you give them a smile though you do not buy. I always think these boys have minature Woolworth "Five and Ten" stores because they have so many of their articles; buttons, hooks and eyes, needles, combs, shoe strings, candy, etc.

The street sounds begin early in the morning. For a long time last Winter a small boy's voice calling out "Laban," milk, was my rising bell. If I tarried in getting up I was soon reminded of it by a woman's voice calling out, "Fool Nabit," which is the sprouted beans the people are so fond of. She had a certain call, a little song one might call it, and she never varied it. One day late in the morning she was passing the house and we asked her where she learned it and she answered from her village when she was a girl. Usually this woman carried a child in her arms and always her big basket on her head. The little boy selling milk looked cold winter mornings with his old kakhi soldier's coat on over his ragged galibea and his bare feet showing.

I always marvel when I see the great loads the women carry on their heads. It seems no feat at all for a woman to carry a bushel basket full of eggs on her head, unsupported by her hands, and she walks with such assurance and grace. If it is not eggs perhaps it is potatoes or some other vegetable. The arrangement in the big flat baskets of the white radishes and their green leaves is always tempting. Every one knows the typical picture of the Eastern woman carrying a big water jug on her head but it is more interesting to see the reality in the villages. In the parts of the city where the women must carry the water to their homes from the public faucet they use the square tin cans the gasoline and coal oil come in. But the tin cans as well as the artistic water jugs are carried on the head.

And from the balcony I see the different herds of goats going out to their day's feeding. They seem to know their way about from one street to another but usually they follow their shepherd and the last straggling goat is kept with the rest by the small boy or boys who follow. To myself I always call these small shepherd boys "David." Should a goat need to be led the shepherd holds the animal's long, flapping ear and the goat can do nothing else but follow. This morning as one herd passed a donkey wandered contentedly along in the very midst of them, then came a cow and her calf and at the rear was a very small boy dressed as was his father, even to a string about his waist holding his galibea in place, and a blue checked

kerchief wrapped about his head in the approved manner. The sturdy little barefoot fellow, about six years old, was so important as he waved his stick about. Should a milk customer appear at a window or door the man or the boy will walk among the goats, choose which one he wishes, then, stooping down, he catches her by the hind leg and holds it firm in the crook of his own leg though the goat never seems to have a thought other than to stand perfectly still while the milking is done.

Among the familiar street sounds in summer is the horn of the ice cream man. A horn not being enough he rings a bell. When you look out you will see his cart gaily painted in several colors each color trying to be the predominating one. But the ice cream man is the children's friend and they gather about him with their milliemes, half a cent, and get a small serving of the cool delicacy which they all like so much. Besides the ice cream man with his horn and bell one learns the tune the "ice cold drink" man makes with his clanging brass disks. It seems to be a characteristic part of the ice cold drink" man's dress to wear a red striped cloth about the waist which reaches to his knees and opens on the side or front. His big bulging red jar with a piece of ice in the mouth he has strapped about his shoulder and waist, carrying his body at a very uncomfortable backward angle to balance it. His right arm hangs at his side clicking the disks. It's a part of the business for they all do it to the same tune.

The man who goes about the street selling shoes does not have a call. He has a long pole suspended by a rope over his shoulder and on this pole hang many pairs of sandals and shib-shibs, women's heel-less shoes, in all sizes.

Nor is the dry goods man a noisy fellow. When you see him with his great bundle on his shoulder you will see, upon closer observation, that he has a number of bolts of cloth, not many yards of each kind, but quite a variety of kinds to choose from. Doubtless, he will have some lace and embroidery too. Then too, one never goes on the street without seeing the two-wheeled push-cart from which one can buy practically every article needed in the kitchen. Or perhaps, one will see on a busy street or on the bridge over the rail road tracks, where the traffic with trams, carriages and automobiles is very heavy, two or three men carrying an immense wardrobe on their heads, walking in the middle of the street. Traffic gives them room and they go calmly on as though the street were empty. And indeed, I must tell you about the man with some six or eight wicker chairs and a settee roped together and he carries them to the new owner's home on his head. The weight of his load is not so much but the bulk and height are a consideration. (I do not expect this to be believed but it is true for I have counted the chair legs many times.) The traveling restaurant is a very necessary part of the street life. A man carries on his head a round tray on which are several kinds of food with a fly brush standing up to wave over the food but it really reminds one of an aigrette on a lady's hat. On his arm he carries a round wicker stand of a foot's diameter. When a customer wishes to be served he sets up the stand, lowers the tray and is ready for business. The purchaser makes his selection pays his money and goes on, the tray is replaced to its former position and the man calls out his wares for the next customer.

On the street one can see all kinds of domestic life. The mother doing the family washing, or food being prepared for cooking, perhaps she is sewing on a child's gay garment with big stitches and coarse thread. But one of the prettiest family scenes I have seen was the other evening from my favorite place on the balcony where I can look down at our neighbors across the narrow street. They have a small grocery store and the family consists of the father, two grown sons, and a small grandson. The little fellow's mother is dead. This particular evening at twilight the father was sitting on a store box, with the little boy and his book, teaching him to read. The father was true to the Eastern custom and taught with the rod. If the little fellow made a mistake he held his hand

out for his father to strike it, but I noticed that the ruler was a small one and the tap a very gentle one. So the father has a clear conscience for he was keeping the letter if not the spirit of the schoolmaster's authority. Sabbath School cards are helping me to get acquainted with this little boy. When I go to the balcony and call, "Walad," Arabic for boy, he comes running with a broad smile on his face and holds up the skirt of his galibea to help catch the card as it floats down to the ground. Then he runs with it to his father or to his grandfather and they all enjoy it together. Tonight when I went out to call my "Walad," I soon had other children with up-stretched hands and they were joined by an old grandmother with her small grandchild perched on her shoulder, all equally anxious for the bright colored cards. I reluctantly left the balcony and came in wondering whether if these street children could have a chance to attend a Christain school, they too would not make as marked a change as has my little friend, Abdu, who has been in school this year. The combination of interest at school, baths, clean clothes, hot milk in the morning and a nourishing lunch at noon, has given him self-respect and a purpose in his baby life. He walks along the street with animation and vim, not the aimless listless fellow of a year ago. When his father took him to their village for the Summer, Abdu brought me his school satchel to keep till next Fall. It hangs on my wall, a treasured ornament, though it is worn from hard usage and is faded from many washings, but it tells me of my small part in giving one little boy a happy school year.

MAY REYNOLDS.

INDIA

Mrs. E. L. Porter, Rawalpindi, India, Editor.

THREE HOURS OF PREACHING

In many ways it is the strangest sight I have ever seen. I had been in Rawalpindi half a year, but time and opportunity had never combined to let me take part in Bazaar preaching. I remembered a remark of a missionary on furlough, who was discussing the usefulness of new-comers in evangelistic work: "You won't do any good, but you may be some moral support." It had come around to the last day of the Evangelistic Campaign, which, being interpreted, means intensive bazaar preaching and bookselling, and a three-and-a-half hour preaching service was to close the special campaign to bring the Gospel to the people of Rawalpindi.

It was a warm, dusty Saturday afternoon in Spring. The preaching had been in progress half an hour when I got to the center of the city. At the hub of the bazaar section is the Mission reading room, a humble ray of light to the teeming thousands packed in the swarming buildings of the Indian section of the town. The sidewalk in front of the room is depressed a foot or two below the level of the street, forming a very passable amphitheatre, with the spectators crowded on the edge of the street and on the walk on both sides of the room. There were perhaps two hundred men in the audience, and eighteen or twenty in the pit, four of them Americans, the rest Indians.

I went around to the back of the room, locked my wheel, and came to the front, in time to see some thing new under the sun, an Indian speaking through an interpreter. The preacher was the Mathematics professor in the college, a small, keen-eyed Bengali Brahman, with straight, glossy hair. He was speaking in English, a sentence at a time, at the end of which he would subside to let the interpreter (one of my star students) repeat the sentence in Urdu. We had a double dose of oratory here, for both the speaker and his translator have the power, as I have heard the college boys say, of "waxing eloquent." I was thankful for some words of English.

The crowd during all this time was silent, and seemed deeply interested for the most part, paying close attention. In front was a solid row of the inevitable small boys, squatting on the street with their legs over the side, enjoying the excitement with which these foolish men were haranguing. In back of them, packed so closely that there was little room to move, were two rows of men,

Moslems for the most part, with here and there a Sikh or a Hindu.

The sermon over, the choir, which included all of us, aided by a Harmonium and a native drum, struck up a weird Punjabi Zabur, which attracted a few more passersby. At length this was finished, (I use "at length" advisably: the Zaburs are composed of many verses, each verse suffering many repetitions, and are rendered in toto, for all the world like the hymns of a Dutch camp-meeting and Dr. Martin, who happened to be visiting the station, was next on the program. He, too, held the crowd in silence, and they listened eagerly. I marvelled at their attention, for I had heard many tales of their disorder and rowdiness.

Another Zabur finished, a Hindustani took the center of the stage, a wrinkled, bony, rather comically dressed man, with scanty grayish hair, a jet-black face, and light checked clothes like the end-man at a minstrel. His platform tactics savoured too much of the minstrel, too, for through his attempted dramatic speaking the solemnity of the crowd was broken, and hoots and jeers began to come. His zeal was without knowledge and I thought of the words "He that winneth souls is wise." His coat tails were not long enough or he would have been pulled down like many a better preacher; this time the Zabur was begun without the speaker having finished. The crowd grew more and more restless, and I was glad to see a stronger speaker stand up. He was the pastor of the second church, a lithe, boyish looking, likeable man, with a chin that promised strength. But the crowd was against him, and his pleasant voice served only to make them more vociferous and heckling. At length a ringleader of the crowd yelled "Wah juth" (He is a liar), another shouted, "This place is unclean," (the translation is far from literal), a third made himself heard with, "Musselman challo" (Let's go, Musselmen), and the crowd dispersed with hoots and jeers.

It was my first experience of this kind of thing, and my heart sank. But the speaker didn't seem to mind; he stepped back, nodded to the song leader, the harmonium and Zabur were struck up, and within sixty seconds there was another crowd there, waiting for some pearls to be cast.

Often they called out, "Those people are fools." I wonder what an impartial observer would have said. On the one side were these ignorant, bigoted Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs, with here and there a street urchin whose blue eyes and light skin told of a soldier father. On the other, preaching the Prince of Love, and Righteousness, and Brotherhood, smiling at the jeers and taunts of the crowd, were two American Doctors of Divinity. A Columbia Ph. D., a Princeton M. A. in Mathematics, a Philosophy professor, and a group of clean, gentle and cultured looking Indians, quite, and with the light of hope in their eyes that one so rarely sees on native faces. My thinking more and more tending to pragmatism, and from the pragmatical standpoint alone the present philosophy of the Christian Society, far from the principles of Christ as it often is, surely deserves to be accepted.

The preaching went on, but the solemnity was broken and heckling became more prevalent and insistent. The street gamin contributed their share, and one of the older, grandfatherly Christians told them of Elisha, and the unfortunate encounter the children who had troubled him had with the bear. (Unfortunate, that is, from the children's view-point. I have often wondered if the bear thought to thank Elisha).

I noticed one particularly villainous fellow in the crowd, whose face interested me with a peculiar fascination. Though his body was not overly squatty, his face seemed to be predominantly horizontal. His chin was square and flat, his mouth was level, his fierce moustache had pointed ends extending parallel to his mouth, his eyes seemed square and flattened, and his turban was low and flat-topped. He looked as though his head had been smashed with a heavy mallet, which had compressed his features. I would not like to have seen him at night. But the strange